

[**Meet Me By the Swings? by illjustcallataxi**](#)

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Summary:

Just a good ol' story about Micheal and Will. When they have something they trust only the other with, they meet at the swings where they first met and tell one another the things they're too scared to say in daylight. Inspired by a headcannon written by @themikewheelers on tumblr.

Meet Me By the Swings?

It was one thirty-two in the morning when Will heard his walkie talkie go off.

“Will? Will? Do you copy?” It was Mike and apparently he must need something considering Mike was pretty good at keeping a steady sleeping schedule unlike Will who was normally up drawing or reading the latest Stephen King novel

“Hey I’m here. Mike, are you alright?” he couldn’t help asking, this normally didn’t happen.

“Yeah.” he paused. “Yeah. So, uh, I know it’s like one am and all that, but do you want to walk over to Jefferson and go to the park or whatever.” Jefferson was the old Elementary school that they attended in their younger days. Will normally tried to avoid it at all cost, as elementary school wasn’t exactly his time, but he couldn’t say no to Mike.

“I guess so. So we’ll ride our bikes over and meet up?”

“Mhmm. I’ll see you then.” Will clicked off his walkie talkie and put his coat on and shoes on. He normally slept in the clothes he wore the previous day, so he didn’t have to change. Then as quietly as he could (Joyce had to work the next morning), he slipped out of his bedroom into the hallway. Before leaving to go onto his first of many escapades with Mike, he noticed his older brother Jonathan’s light on through the little crack in his door.

He knocked softly. “Jonathan. Mike and I are going to the old park. I’ll be back before sunrise.”

Jonathan looked shocked at first, but then he understood. “Alright. Just, be safe. Okay?”

“Okay.” He whispered then left through the front door and began the trip to the park on his bike. It had been many years since his incident in the upside down and thankfully he, along with the rest of the town, was beginning to lose their fears when it came to traveling alone. Despite his progress, he still felt like the darkness might just swallow him whole, but he kept peddling. Mike must have had a good reason to call him out into the dark in the middle of the night, right?

Finally, he had reached the playground and Mike was already there waiting for him, his bike lazily placed right in front of the rubber turf where the playground began rather than the bike rack. Will did the

same, placing his bike next to Mike's.

"Hey." Will said simply, taking a seat on the swing next to Mike. It was completely dark other than the single light that the school always left on in the front of the playground area and the street lamps further past them.

"Hey." Mike said simply, not providing Will with the speech he had expected.

"So, what brings us out here tonight." Will said after a beat of silence. "I—" he started. "I think my parents are going to get a divorce." Will couldn't see Mike's face in the darkness, but he could hear it in his voice, Mike's world just go turned on its head.

"Oh." Will was speechless. He knew that Ted was certainly not the father of the year, but he didn't expect the Wheeler's to split up.

"That really sucks."

"Yeah it does."

"Have they talked about a divorce or have just been arguing a lot more than usual?"

"Well," Mike said, beginning to open up. "They haven't gotten along great for as long as I can remember, but ever since you disappeared and that whole ordeal happened, my dad was walking on eggshells. Mom had always known that he didn't care, but now she had her proof. They haven't made up since. Even Nancy is worried. She'll come in and sit in the basement with me everytime that they start arguing."

"Wow. Nancy's spending time with you, this must be serious." Will couldn't help joking with Mike despite the obvious intensity of this moment, they had been best friends for years.

Mike chuckled quietly as Will searched his face for a smile in the darkness. "Yeah. I don't know. Maybe it'll be good for us."

"Yeah that's the spirit! Now your mom won't have to make your dad chicken dinners as he sits around, oblivious to the outside world!"

Mike laughed a little louder, even though that wasn't Will's best line. "If they split up, mom would have to get a job. She'd have to do something other than housework" They both knew they were unfairly judging their parents, but it was one am on a Friday and neither of them cared all that much.

"Once Lonnie left my mom had room to meet Bob and even start that weird thing she has with Hopper. Maybe your mom will find a great boyfriend."

"That's true. Do you think we'll have to live with certain parents on

certain days? Will Nancy and I have to split up too?" Mike stammered. Will knew Mike wouldn't be able to survive without his sister, even if they didn't get along majority of the time.

"I think they can, but I also am pretty sure that you and Nancy could fight to change it. Plus no offense, but I don't know if your dad will even want to switch off with your mom sometimes."

Mike scoffed. "None taken. I hope he doesn't honestly. He'll probably move to the city and find some new housewife to take for granted." There conversation had drawn into silence once again as they felt the cold wind that was typical for spring in Indiana brush up against their backs.

"How long have you known?" Will asked.

"They've been acting weird since you disappeared, but they brought up divorce during an argument they had today." Mike replied.

"Do you want me to tell the rest of the party?"

"No." Mike shook his head softly even though he knew Will couldn't see him very well. "I was thinking this park at night could our thing." Will didn't know what to say. He was honored that Mike trusted him with something so important.

"Unless that's weird or you don't want to have to sneak out again. It's totally fine by me." Mike said clearly nervous that Will hadn't responded right away.

"No yeah. I do want it to our thing. A time to say anything you're too scared to say in daylight."

There was another beat of silence. They seemed to happening too often for the best friends. "Will, that was really pretentious" Mike glanced over at Will and smiled, barely making out the shape of his face in the darkness. "But I like it." Will smiled back at him, unaware they were looking at one another.

Mike tried to glance at his watch before realizing he couldn't read it. "We should probably get going. I think I might have woke up Nancy." "Yikes." Will said as they stood up and walked back over to their bikes. "Jonathan was awake when I left, so I just told him."

Mike laughed slightly. "Why were you up anyways?"

"Just reading." They both walked their bikes up to the street, discussing the plot of Will's book. They rode together in silence up until the road where their paths split off from one another.

"Bye Will. Thanks for being my friend, and that kinda stuff." Mike said awkwardly.

"No problem. Thank you for being my friend as well. I'll see you

tomorrow probably.”

“Alright. Goodnight!” Mike called and began pedaling towards the Wheeler household as a feeling of reassurance replaced what had been dred.

Thankfully the boys had only a couple park meetups in the next couple of years, just little things like a certain kid giving Will a hard time or Mike not knowing how to actually be a good boyfriend for Eleven. The Wheelers did end up getting a divorce, but once they had settled their disputes and figured out custody and such, things ended up being okay. Nancy and Mike lived with their mother other than the every other weekend they had to spend with their dad. On those days they just played board games together and counted down the days until they could return back to their home in Hawkins. Most of their problems could be solved between all six of the party members and their honorary dad™ Steve. But the next major one didn’t seem to happen until the beginning of their junior year of highschool when Will stumbled upon quite the predicament

Mike was awoken by static. One of his friends must have accidentally hit the talk button on their walkie talkies without realizing it. He rolled over, ignoring the call thinking it was an accident. But then it happened again, and again.

Finally he sat up. “Is anyone there?” He asked quietly.

“Mike?” he heard Will call frantically, realizing that Mike was on the other side of line.

“Mhmm it’s me. Are you alright?” Mike raised his eyebrows in concern.

“Sorry to wake you, but could...” He paused and took a deep breath.

“Could we go to the park?” Mike glanced at his alarm clock quickly. It read 12:34.

“Yeah of course. Meet them now?”

“Yes. Thank you.” Mike put his watch on and just left his flannel pajama pants on, he knew Will wouldn’t care. He walked down the stairs as quietly as he could, grabbing his jacket before heading out the door. Even though they were old enough to get their driver’s license, the party still rode their bikes everywhere except for when Max gave them all a ride.

After the short ride to the Elementary school, Mike sat on the swing waiting for Will. He always seemed to arrive before Will did as the ride was shorter for him. He swayed back and forth slowly as he

watched the headlight on Will's bike come up on the road then onto the grass next to his bike.

Will sat took the swing on the right, like he always did. They sat in silence for a while. For the maybe three times they had done this, they knew that they didn't have to start talking until whoever called for the late night parkrun, was ready.

Will took a deep breath. "Mike, I think—" Mike tried to look at him through the darkness. Whatever was causing his friend this much discomfort must have been something huge as the friends always told each other everything.

"I think I'm gay." He said quietly. Mike wasn't really surprised, he pretty much already knew. It wasn't that he was lost for words, he just knew that whatever he said had to be carefully crafted to let his friend know that he supported him one-hundred percent.

"It's okay Will. You can breathe now." Mike said, failing to say something poetic or super encouraging like he had planned. "I kind have known for a while."

Will let out a small laugh. "Well. That's good I guess. I haven't told anyone else yet. I always thought I'd start to like girls more once I got older, but then the other day it just came into my head that I didn't have to and here we are now."

"I'm glad you told me and that you seem pretty okay with it as far as I can tell. I doubt Jonathan or your mom will care all that much."

"Yeah I think Jonathan's already catching on too. I've been told I talk about James too much???"

Mike laughed and nodded. "I agree. But you guys are cute." Will chuckled nervously, glad that Mike couldn't see the red in his face.

"Are you going to tell the rest of the party?" Mike asked.

"I think I will soon. I'll probably tell my mom and Jonathan first."

"If any of our friends give you any backlash, or anyone for that matter, I'll gladly kick their ass for you."

Will laughed. "I don't think that will be necessary Mike, but you're kindness, I guess? Is greatly appreciated." The friends laughed and Will's heartbeat returned to a normal pattern as he found himself calming done.

"So." Will said after a beat of silence. "How have you been?" Then they continued having the meaningful conversations that usually happened at the elementary school, floating from topics like the latest english assignment to how Joyce was doing to even politics. After they had each said all that they needed to say, they rode their

bikes down the street together, departing where their paths broke off, and headed home.

Will knocked on Jonathan's door as soon as he got home. Jonathan was still up reading some old paperback with his headphones on. Will walked in before he even said he could come in. After telling Mike, it didn't feel like he was carrying around some ginormous secret, but rather just another part of his life.

"Yeah Will?" Jonathan asked taking his headphones off.

"Jonathan I like boys." He said not even flinching.

"That's fine. I pretty much knew. You told Mike earlier, yes?" Despite having his headphones on majority of the time, Jonathan always seemed to hear Will leave to go talk to Mike.

"Yeah. He said he could tell too."

"Alright. That's good." He put his headphones on. "Now, It's like two am. Go to sleep kid."

"Night Jonathan."

Jonathan smiled without looking up from his book. "Goodnight Will." It was Will's last night in Hawkins and he couldn't help but eye his walkie talkie, waiting for Mike to call. Even though the boys had gone on many midnight runs to have a mini therapy session many times now, he still didn't think he was ready to tell Mike his plans for the next year. Now that senior year was over, they could do anything they wanted to with their lives. Will shifted in his bed. I just need to get to sleep. It's not a big deal, there's still all of summer vacation to spend in Hawkins. Just go to sleep. He thought.

Finally he gave into his temptation and called his friend. "Mike? Wanna go to the park?"

Mike responded almost immediately, as if he had been waiting to go too. "Yeah sure." Will put on his sneakers and stopped at Jonathan's door even though he had left for college a while ago. It was always a tradition.

Mike had arrived first like he always did and was seated on his normal swing. Will sat next to him and the friends began their normal routine.

"I'm leaving for art school in New York tomorrow. Will said edgar to get his confession out of the way.

Mike hearts dropped out of his feet. He was glad that Will couldn't see his face through the darkness. "Tomorrow? Oh, okay. That'll be good for you.

"Yeah. A college up there is offering me a scholarship and between

that and the shifts I've taken up at the arcade, I was able to get in." He paused. "Sorry about the short notice. I didn't know how to tell you. It's alright by you, right?"

"Well. Going anywhere without you is going to be hell, but it's the best option for you. As long as you promise to write me back, cause I'll probably write you every single day."

"Of course." He replied. He knew that he wouldn't be able to function without talking to his best friend for six months and Will knew that phone calls made Mike nervous. "I've heard the boys are a lot cuter up north." Will said, trying to make the air between them less tense. Despite not being able to read his facial expression, Will could hear it in Mike's voice that he wasn't feeling too great about what was happening.

Mike laughed. "As long as you're happy." He said. "And maintaining your artistic abilities. That's all that matters."

Will scoffed. "Plus it's not like I can't come home for the holidays. Who knows, might not last a week up there."

"I'm sure you will. New York is quite the place to be. Can Max and the rest of the party drive you to the airport tomorrow?"

"Oh yeah of course. I couldn't imagine leaving in any other way." After Mike got over the anxieties that came along with his best friend leaving, it gave them room to talk more about everything else, Mike's college plans, how him and Eleven were doing and all that sort of stuff. There was a lot to worry about now that they could take care of themselves, but both Will and Mike knew that as long as they had one another, they'd make it through.